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"True, I have been told they are not safe. Don't mind me; I feel as if I could sleep."

She said further on to the floor as she spoke, till the lay at full length on the carpet. Judy would have raised her on to the sofa, but she declined to move; she was very there, she said, and wished them to leave her by herself. And she did so, first of all putting the cushion under her head.

A half dispute ensued below: Judy railing at the widow for her folly, her cowardice, and her unseasonableness, and the widow retorting. In the midst of it, a cry was heard from the upper-story room, and Judy flew there. She speedily flew down again.

"One of the Grays must be fetched, whether or not," cried she. "She's a dead worse, and it's coming on quick."

"Taint me, then, as is going to undergo the responsibility of calling in a doctor which she says she won't have," returned Mrs. Gould; "I might have to pay him out of my own pocket."

"When a fellow creature's life's at stake, it's not the time to think of pocketa," retorted Judy. "You go up to her; perhaps you can do that."

Judy, in her cap and gown, just as she was, went out at the door, and hastened to the residence of the Messrs. Grey. The two brothers lived in houses contiguous to each other. Mr. John, who was always called Mr. Grey, in the larger one, which also contained the surgery and laboratory, and Mr. Stephen in the smaller one adjoining. Mr. Stephen, though the younger, had married when he was twenty-one, and he wanted now a year or two of forty. Mr. John had more recently married, and had a troop of young children.

The hall-door of Mr. John's house stood open, and Judy went in, guided by the bright lamp in the faintlight. She hurried to stand on ceremony, she crossed the hall, and pushed open the surgery door. A handsome, gentlemanly lad of sixteen stood there, pounding drugs with a pestle and mortar; not perhaps that his face was so handsome in itself, but the exceeding intelligence peradring him, the broad intellectual forehead, and the sweet expression of the large, earnest blue eyes, would have made the beauty of any countenance. He turned his head quickly at being interrupted.

"What, it's you, Judith! You came rushing in like a ghost."

"Are the gentlemen at home, Master Frederick?"

"One of them is. Do you want anything?"

"I want to see him, please; and as quick as possible."

The lad vaulted off like a shot. Was out of his uncle's house, and in at his own, in no time; for he was the son of Mr. Stephen Grey. Mr. Stephen Grey was alone, reading; his countenance was intelligent, but he was less good looking than his son; a merry hearted man, who kept up the spirits of his patients with merry sayings; a valuable secret, let me tell you, in medical practice.

"Papa, here's Judith Ford wants you."

"Judith Ford," cried he, jumping up, for it was one of Stephen Grey's rules never to keep a patient waiting, when it could be avoided, or yet a patient's messenger. "And what does Judith want?" he jokingly asked, as he entered the surgery, followed by his son.

"A tooth drawn, Judith!"

"I'll tell my errand to yourself, sir, if you please."

Without waiting to be sent by his father, Frederick Grey retired from the surgery, and closed the door. Judith gave an outline of the case she had come upon to Mr. Stephen Grey.

He looked grave, grave for him.

"Judith, girl, we would prefer not to interfere with Mr. Carlyon's patients. It would look, as you, as though we begrimed his few he had got together, and would worst them from him. We wish nothing of the sort, the place is large enough for him and for us."

"And what's the poor young lady to do, sir?" To die?"

"To die!" schooled Mr. Stephen, "goodness forbid!"

"But it may turn out that she will die, sir, unless you come to her aid. Mr. Carlyon can be of no use to her; he's in London."

Of course, being in London, the best part of a hundred miles off, Mr. Carlyon could be of no use to any one in South Wenswick, and Mr. Stephen Grey felt the force of the assertion.

"True, true," said he, nodding his head, "I'll go back with you, Judith. Very young, you say. Where's her husband?"

"Gone travelling abroad," responded Judith, somewhat improving upon the information given her by Mrs. Gould. "Is there no nurse that could be had, sir?" she continued; "Dame Gould's worse than a child in illness."

"I daresay we may find somebody," responded Mr. Stephen. "Time enough for that. Frederick," he added to his son, as he crossed the hall, "if your uncle comes in before I am back, tell him I am at Widow Gould's. A lady comes to lodge there, is taken ill. Now you can wait for me, or walk on, Judith," he said as they passed his door, "but I must go in home, first."

Judith preferred to walk on. When she reached Mrs. Crane's room, she found, to her surprise, that lady seated at the table, writing.

"You are better, ma'am?"

"No, I am worse. This has come upon me unexpectedly, and I must write to apprise a friend."

The perspiration was running off her as she spoke, Judith supposed from pain; she appeared to have written but two lines, and was thrusting the note, folded, into an envelope. Mrs. Gould stood by, helplessly rubbing her hands, her head shaking with a tremulous motion, as if she had St. Vitus's dance.

"Will you take it to the post for me?"

"Yes, sure I will, ma'am," replied Judith, to whom the sick lady had looked when speaking. "But I won't go till to-morrow now; that time is over, I fear."

"It can't be helped; put it in. And you had better call and ask one of the medical gentlemen you spoke of to come and see me. I am too ill to write to him."

"You have been a good girl, Judith," Mr.

"I have been, ma'am," said Judith, with a glow of triumph. "He's following me down. And that's his ring," added she, as the bell was heard. "It's Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am, Mr. Grey wasn't at home. Of the two brothers, Mr. Stephen is the pleasantest; but they are both nice gentlemen. You can't fail to like Mr. Stephen."

Judith took the letter in her hand; she was addressed to London to "Mrs. Smith." On the stairs she encountered Mr. Stephen Grey, who had only lingered to put an article or two in his pocket that might be required for night he knew.

"I suppose I am too late for the post, sir, to-night? It's a letter from the lady," observed Judith.

Mr. Stephen Grey took out his watch. "Not if you make a run for it, Judith. It wants four minutes to the time of closing."

Judith flew off. She was slight and active, and running was easy to her; and she saved the post by half a minute. Mr. Stephen Grey, meanwhile, putting the Widow Gould aside with a merry nod, entered the room alone. Mrs. Crane was standing with one hand on the table, and the other pressed on her side, her anxious, beautiful eyes strained on the door. As they fell upon him, an expression of relief passed over his face. Mr. Stephen went up to her, wondering at her youth. He took one of her hands in his, in a fatherly manner, and looked down at her with his pleasant smile.

"And now what is the matter?" he asked. She kept his hand; it seemed that there was protection in it, and the tears came into her eyes as she raised them to his.

"I am in great pain; such pain! Do you think?" she continued in a whisper, "that I shall die?"

"Die!" schooled Mr. Stephen, in a reassuring tone, "not you. You may talk about dying in fifty years to come, perhaps, but not now. Come, sit down, and let us have a little quiet talk together."

"You seem very kind, and I thank you," she said, "but before going further, I ought to tell you that I am Mr. Carlyon's patient; I had engaged him; and it unfortunately happens that he is away, I hear."

"Well, we will do the best for you until his return, and then leave you in his hands. Are you quite alone?"

"It happens that I unfortunately am. I have just sent a note to the post, to summon a friend. I did not expect to be ill for this two months," she added in a whisper.

"Well, and very likely you will not be," cheerfully spoke Mr. Stephen. "When you shall have got half a dozen children about you, young lady, you will know what importance to attach to false alarms. Your husband is abroad, I hear."

She inclined her head in the affirmative. "It must have been that jolting omnibus that hurt me; I thought it would have shaken me to pieces."

"Ay; they have been putting down stones on the road, and—"

He was interrupted. She rose from her seat, her eyes depicted on her countenance.

"Oh, Mr. Grey, hold me! hold me! I am very ill."

Shaking Dame Gould was completely upset by the emergency.

"Judith," Mr. Stephen said to the latter, when she came back, "you must help me in the best way you can; we shall want different things to do together, and you must do it. Mrs. Gould's useless."

"I'll do anything and everything I can, sir," replied Judith, "but I'd make her usefull; I have no patience with her."

"I'll make her useful in one way, if I don't in another. Where is she now?"

"Sitting on the stairs outside the door, sir, with her hands to her ears."

Mr. Stephen went to her.

"You know Grotto's Buildings?" said he.

"In course do, sir," whimpered Mrs. Gould.

"Oh, sir, I'm shook!"

"Well, you go there, to number three. Ask for Mrs. Hutton, and desire her to come here without delay. Tell her the nature of the case."

Mrs. Gould lost no time in going, glad to be out of the house. She returned with a short stout barrel of a woman, with leering black eyes, grizzled hair, and a black beard over her face. She came simpering into the room, carrying a bundle, and dropping curtsies to Mr. Stephen.

He quite started when he saw her, and his face assumed a severe expression. He beckoned her from it again.

"Who sent for you, Mrs. Pepperly?"

"Well, air, please, sir, I came," was the response, the curtsies dropping all the while.

"You sent for Hutton, sir, but she was called out this afternoon, and I was a stopping at number three, sir, and thought I might come in her place."

"Called out this afternoon?" replied Mr. Stephen.

"This evening, sir, just as four o'clock was a striking by St. Mark's church. Mrs. Gilbert on the rise was took with her fever again, sir, and she won't have nobody but Hutton to nurse her."

Mr. Stephen Grey ran over the sisterhood in his mind, but could remember not one available just then.

"Hark ye, Mother Pepperly," he said, in a stern tone, "you know your failing; now if you dare to give way to it this time, as you have done before, you shall never again nurse a patient of mine or my brother's. You can do your duty, if you choose to keep in a fit state to do it, mind you do."

Mrs. Pepperly squealed out a tear. She'd upon her Bible oath, if Mr. Stephen chose to put her, not to touch nothing no stronger nor take beer. Mr. Stephen, however, did not put her to the ordeal; he knew better.

"Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house.

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

We all know it well, and we know its sub-

ject too. A modern Dutch fairy that has survived the attacks of science, and dances Mr. Grindgrind! May he live a thousand years, and his shadow never be less!

The third figure in our masque, is the Old Year. We have all seen him. We have all sat by the dying embers with solemn hearts, and tears very near our eyes, while the Old Year

Stephens said to her, as he was leaving in the morning, and Judy went down stairs to open the door for him.

"Will she do well, sir?" whispered Judith, in a tremor at what the answer might be.

"Famously," returned Mr. Stephen. "Never had a safer case in my life than when he was.

Give a look to Mother Pepperly, Judith; I trust her as far as I can see her. I shall be in

again in a couple of hours."

"Safe! that's a mercy for her, poor young lady!" murmured Judith. "Thank heaven!"

(To be continued.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1860.

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LETTER FROM PARIS.

A GLIMPSE OF PARIS LIFE—AN ORIGINAL HOUSE-HOLD.

PARIS, Dec. 8, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:
During a warm spell of weather in October, I visited some friends of mine who live here near the *Garden of Plants*.

Imagine a very old house, of the style one so often meets with in the older quarters of Paris, built round three sides of a court, the front of this court being bounded by a high dead wall, with a large green "carriage-door," whose double leaves are only opened on grand occasions, a portion of one forming a door of just sufficient width to admit biped visitors, and serving on all occasions when quadrupeds and carriages are not waiting for admittance. On the top of the wall, just over the door, are two stone lions, painted green, with a view to the imitation of bronze—which lions, rampant, and with a very dubious expression of physiognomy, leave you uncertain whether they are laughing or crying. Having pulled a brass bell-handle, you are startled by hearing a sonorous, vibrating clang, as though you had made your summons at the gates of a monastery of the olden time, and the little door silently opening at the jerk of the invisible porter within, you forthwith enter the court. The porter's lodge to the left is surrounded by sunflowers, fuchsias, geraniums, roses, dahlias, and Hortensias; with cactuses, Persian lilacs, and orange-trees in little green tubs; an old fashioned well and bucket greet your eyes in one corner, the steps leading to the kitchen-door meet them in another; a wide, winding stairway, open, but under shelter, leads off to some portion of the premises; large windows, with Venetian shutters are all round you; and in the farther corner is the door of entrance, to which you mount by a flight of broad, shallow stone steps, sheltered by a projecting verandah roof. These steps are also full of flowers.

On entering the house, you find yourself in a vestibule, hung with paintings, and looking out on so great an extent of turf, flowers, and trees, with armies of fowls, and a pretty little goat, which come rushing towards the house the moment they hear voices on the piazza, to see if anybody is going to give them bits of bread or other dainties, that you involuntarily rub your eyes, and wonder by what sudden enchantment you have been spirited away from the bricks and mortar that surrounded you an instant ago, and landed in this wild, grassy, woody wilderness, with the bright patches of sunshine between cool green shadows, hosts of blackbirds singing in the trees, and glimpses of pleasant paths winding away until lost in the trees.

"What a wonderful, fairy-like garden!" is everybody's first exclamation on looking out on a scene so utterly unexpected.

But before going out into the garden, we must take a look at the house. The vestibule opens on one side into a little hall whence you reach the dining-room and kitchens on the ground floor, and obtain access to the upper story by a wide but very oddly-shaped staircase. To describe the pleasant rooms on that upper floor, with their spacious windows fronting the south, and looking out on the rich greenery of the garden, or to enumerate the quantities of curious cubby-holes, the odd bits, and corners, and additions of all the shapes and sizes, and heights, that seem to have been "built on" at various epochs, would take me too long. But the parlor, with its three long windows, hung with dark green velvet curtains, the spaces between them lined with looking-glass, which receive and give back long vistas of grass and trees reflected from two other long glasses on the opposite wall;—with its chairs and sofas of the same green velvet with white frames delicately carved and picked out with green;—the old-fashioned gilded and marble tables, loaded with books and objects of *virtù*; the mantle-clock of onyx and silver, flanked by rare china jars and gilded candlesticks, and backed by a vast mirror running up to the ceiling;—the magnificent old lustre, all the balls and pendants of which are of rock crystal, worth I don't know how many thousand francs, and the soft brown carpet which smothers the sound of feet;—must not be forgotten. A smaller room opens out of this one, fitted up in dark brown, with a fine bookcase of carved oak, and the cosiest of sofas and tables for reading and writing. Out of this is a small projection, with glass walls, full of hot-house plants, and forming a miniature conservatory; beyond this room, again, a "den," whose walls and ceiling are hung with gray chequered cotton, bordered with red, the especial *sacrum* of the mistress of the house, who here models, paints, sketches, and engraves, to her heart's content, undisturbed by household cares and visits, which are not allowed to cross its threshold. One of the very narrow doors in which French architects so much delight—very inconvenient in this age of crinoline—covered with the same gray cotton, opens on a corkscrew staircase which winds up to the rooms above. All the rooms are full of pictures, for the most part oil-paintings, and many of which are of great antiquity: the modern ones being principally the work of the lady of the house. Before terminating this description, let me refer once more to the long, narrow mirrors, that form so charming and striking a feature of this beautiful parlor which is the principal feature of the suite. These are simply let into the panels which they occupy, without any other frame than a strip of wood, painted of the same faint whitish green (or greenish white) which forms the color of the walls. The same remark holds good of the great mirror over the mantelpiece: not a speck of gilding is employed upon any of them; the four narrow ones, moreover, are made of two sheets, one above the other, the joint not being at all offensive to the eye, as they are somewhat in shadow. Not only is the cost of these most ornamental fixtures thus reduced to a comparatively insignificant amount, but the effect is so quiet, subdued, and harmonious, as immeasurably to surpass the obtrusive glitter of the usual costly gilt frames.

But before proceeding to the garden, I must introduce your readers to the occupants of this old house, one of the most pleasant, artistically

elegant, and agreeable dwellings I know of. The family consists of father, mother, and one most beautiful child, a boy of eight, so handsome that he is perpetually surrounded by a chorus of notes of admiration, of which, happily, the little fellow takes but little heed.

The Count and Countess de — are both young, and both carry back their pedigree to the oldest sources of the French nobility.

The Count's ancestors were in the crusades; the Countess's are even older. Heirs to a Marquise, the young couple, however, are far from rich; the family estates, on both sides, suffered heavily in the Revolution of 1789, and the personal resources of the young pair were moreover somewhat impaired by a rather too liberal expenditure during the first few years of their housekeeping. As for the child, with his golden hair, blue eyes, white skin, rendered still whiter by the bright hue of the merino blouse in which it is his mother's delight to dress him, and his lovely child-features looking out from under the broad hat of coarse straw, whose brim is gradually disappearing under the nibblings of his favorite goat, he looks exactly as though he were one of Raphael's child-creations, just walked out of a picture-frame.

The blouse in question is at once the simplest and prettiest garment a child can wear, cut out in one piece, on the model of that worn by the Russian peasants,

bound round the neck with a narrow, black velvet, opening on one shoulder, and confined round the waist by a narrow belt of black or red leather. With plain white pantaloons, and little black boots, it is impossible to imagine a costume more simple, convenient, and becoming.

The Countess—a graceful little woman, full of talent and vivacity, and very good—is a musician, a painter, and a writer; deep in English, German, and Greek; and abounding in the easiest morning wrappers, which she wears until late in the afternoon, when she drops the artist and the writer, and comes out for the evening in aristocratic dresses, with abundance of black lace, unrivaled fans, and family-jewels.

Her husband—who, in spite of his old name, and the horror of his aristocratic relations, has taken a situation in an important industrial enterprise, and adds to his diminished resources a moderate salary for which he works very hard—is handsome, and *distingué*; dresses simply, but is always, in appearance and manner, "the gentleman." His passion is for country life, for horses, cattle, and poultry; and not being able to gratify this taste, he consorts himself with an immense number of cocks and hens, pigeons, &c., of which he has specimens of the most costly breeds; with rabbits, and with a frequently-repeated declaration that he "is going to have a cow." The rabbits, however, are rather the property of the child, as is a beautiful little fawn-colored goat, of very graceful shape, and small breed, that has just been sent to Master Guillaume by his grandmother, the Marquise; and a squirrel that got loose last spring, and has committed terrible havoc ever since among the fruit.

As the Count cannot afford a gardener, the garden looks after itself, and has of course got into a tangle, which, however, is original and not without charm, and the Count himself looks after the bipeds and quadrupeds in which he takes such hearty delight. An old *kiosk*,—formerly a very grand affair, but now retaining of old splendor only a few panels of colored glass in the windows,—and an unused green house, are appropriated to their accommodation at night and in wet weather; besides which various enclosures have been run up for them in out-of-the-way corners, where they fatten, lay eggs, crow, bleat, or squeak, to their own satisfaction and that of their owners. As soon as the Count is up in a morning, he is off to his pets, counting, feeding, petting, and exulting: Guillaume joins his papa as soon as his *bonne* has bathed him and got him into his *blouse*: the Countess presently following in a nondescript toilet, remarkable for its looseness and convenience; every time any eating goes on in doors the fowl and goat come to the dining-room begging for bits; and though they are all so tame that they have to be driven off by main force, (the goat has jumped on the table several times lately while lunch has been going on) and are petted and fed from morning to night, they are all ready for the supper their master bestows on them as soon as he reaches home in the evening, after which they are penned up in their respective quarters, and shut in for the night.

Besides the poultry, certain flowers planted in two little beds near the parlor windows are greatly beloved by the Count; and it is amusing to see the zeal with which, aided by the golden-haired child, he waters these, as soon as the live pets are disposed of. Unfortunately, the excessive heat dried up his pansies too early, the fowls have eaten his geraniums down to the roots, performing the same kind office on eighteen beautiful heliotropes, in full bloom, two days after they were purchased and planted; while the goat, devoting herself especially to the bed of *centaureas*, just out in their crimson and golden splendors, has manured them down to the last bit of their stems.

Every Wednesday evening the Countess is "at home," and a pleasant circle of friends, including a number of well-known writers and artists assemble, eating ices in the garden during the summer, and imbibing tea in the parlors during the winter. During the great heats of the present summer, nearly all the meals were taken by my friends, in the garden.

Going in upon this original household rather early one evening, when there was going to be a small party, I found the little Countess already dressed, seated in a rustic chair on the gravel walk, just before the house, and in all the glory of flounces and jewels, her head covered with black lace, a lace of a fan in her lap, a book in her hand, the very picture of a high-bred, graceful, intelligent French woman of rank, chattering gaily with her husband and child, who were seated side by side on the lower step of the piazza, with a great wooden bowl of cold boiled potatoes between them, which they were busy peeling for the fowls; an operation they were performing with a couple of ivory-handled silver dessert-knives, which could not stain their fingers. I was much amused at sight of the group, which looked, in the setting of the beautiful garden, very pretty and picturesque.

As soon as the potatoes were prepared and distributed, father and son retired, the former to his *cabinet de toilette*, the latter to the company of his nurse, who scrubbed his face and hands, smoothed back his glowing golden hair, and sent him down stairs again in the glory of a clean costume.

Neglected as the garden has been, it has borne this year, to my personal knowledge, besides lots of cabbages and so on for the "pets," almonds, filberts (these, however, have been the prey of the squirrel, who has devoured the whole crop), apricots, cherries, plums, pears, grapes, mulberries, raspberries, strawberries, and figs, and that in quantities that have let a pretty good yield, notwithstanding the enormous and unbrushing depredations of the arms of blackbirds, finches, and sparrows that fill the trees, and keep the place alive with their music. All this, with the stock of fresh eggs, the purer air afforded by the vicinity of trees, the relaxation to mind and body afforded by this spacious, pleasant garden, the excellent effect of such surroundings on the health of the little boy, who, when not at his lessons, is scampering over the place from morning till night, are very wisely regarded by my friends as ample compensation for the distance at which they find themselves from the centre of Paris, and the old-fashioned style and somewhat dilapidated state of the house, thanks to which they obtain this really delightful residence at a rent no higher than they would pay for some small apartment, than the Liverpool brokers seem to have had a good effect.

THEATRICAL TRICKS.—In the trial, in New York, between Bourcoul and his managers, respecting the former's play of the "Octopus," it came out that the author had made a proposition to Mr. Stuart that the latter should induce the daily press to denounce the piece as *abolition* in its tendencies, for the purpose of drawing it to the public attention.

KNIGHTS OF F. PARKER.—He has acquired a world-wide fame as the author of "Patent Sermons," over the *sous de plume* of "Dow, Jr.," and who at one time was possessed of affluence and exerted considerable social influence in New York city, died a miserable death in most abject poverty, in a low and filthy hotel in San Francisco, on the 4th ult. Intemperance had much to do with it.

A NATURAL BARRIER.—The Albany Journal of Thursday evening says the ice in the Hudson river is from eight to twelve inches thick, and that loaded vehicles now pass on it.

AFRICAN CORROS.—A cargo of African cotton is reported to have been received at Boston, and is said to be equal to the best Mississippi, in length and fineness of staple.

THE GRAND JURY.—The grand jury in the U. S. District Court of Illinois, sitting at Chicago, on Wednesday, found a bill of indictment under the fugitive slave law, against eight citizens of Ottawa, for assisting at the rescue of an alleged slave in that city, in October last.

VERY SANDY.—The editor of the Savannah Republican is in receipt of a letter from one of the cotton manufacturing companies in Georgia, mentioning the purchase of a crop of cotton at Macon, which from actual weight contained fifty-five per cent. of sand, leaving twenty per cent. of cotton. That beats even wooden nutmegs.

THE EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—Received a loan of £40,000, to complete the fitting out for sea.

SIR H. ORSTED.—He has accepted the command of the English expedition against China.

THE REPRESENTATIVES TO THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.—are continuing to arrive at Paris.

SENATOR STEWART.—arrived home last week. The City Councils of New York city voted him unanimously the City Hall to receive his friends in. He was received with much enthusiasm in the different towns on his way home.

THE WARSAW (MISSOURI) DISPATCH.—gives an account of an attempted "negro insurrection" at that place on the 26th. It does not appear, however, to have been of a serious character, as we hear nothing more about it.

"A CUNNING TRIBULATION."—has been occasioned in literary circles in England, by a charge, in the Clerical Journal, that the Rev. Dr. Cumming wrote the review and puff of his own work in the London Times. The Critic calls upon the "Doctor" to make "revelations, and relieve himself, if possible, from the damaging accusation.—*New York Christian Chronicle*.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMONS.—reports that Mrs. Daniel Webster leads a quiet and dignified life in New York city, surrounded by relatives and friends. She devotes her time to self-culture, and to the performance of the duties she owes to her friends, her country, and the church.

DR. LANE'S REPORT.—describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whirling apparatus by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

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EPIDEMIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM CHAMBERS' HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

In spite of what we hear and read, and even smell with our own noses, of the state of the Thames and the impurities of London, and notwithstanding the threats of Cholera, and of the ravages of that dread disease when it does appear, there is no doubt that we moderns can have but feeble conceptions of the nature of a Plague—proper—of the hideous aspects of the great Epidemics of old. We are dirty enough in some of our great towns, it is true, but we are not so altogether filthy as were our forefathers of the middle ages. We overtake ourselves occasionally in the City, still, but two lord mayors and six aldermen are not found to die in one week of the *sepulchre* epidemic, as happened during the festivities which followed upon the victory of Bosworth Field. We by no means understand the nature of all diseases yet, or can suggest the most effectual remedies, but we do not entertain such delusions, in any case, as that *a man must be made to prospere for twenty-four hours without intermission, if he would escape death*. The wisdom of our ancestors put the patient suspected of the sweating sickness instantly to bed: “covered him with feather-bed and furs; and whilst the stove was heated to the utmost, closed the doors and windows with the greatest care, to prevent all access of cool air. In order, moreover, to prevent the sufferer, should he be somewhat impatient, from throwing off his hot load, some persons in health likewise lay upon him, and thus oppressed him to such a degree that he could neither stir hand nor foot; and, finally, in this rehearsal of hell, being tortured in an agonizing sweat, gave up the ghost, when, perhaps, if his two officious relatives had manifested a little discretion, he might have been saved without difficulty.”

To continue that pleasant task, the favorable comparison of ourselves with our ancestors, if ever that terrible scourge of the fourteenth century, the Black Death, should reappear, it is probable that we should have more than one Guy de Chauvin to vindicate the honor of his profession, and “disclaim the excuse of his colleagues, who held the Arabian notion that medical aid was unavailing, and that the contagion justified flight;” nor would many of our clergy be found to conduct themselves like those of that period, who left the host outside the sick man’s house, to be taken in by a servant, or administered the final sacrament at the end of a pole.

That this hideous pest, which derived its northern name from the black spots, indicative of a putrid decomposition, which appeared upon the skin, was exceedingly contagious, there seems to be no doubt. It was communicated from the sick to the sound “like fire among dry and oily fuel,” and not only men but animals at once perished if they so much as touched anything belonging to the dead. Boccaccio, himself a medical man, relates that he saw two hogs upon the rags of a person who had died of this plague, after staggering for a short time, fall down dead as if they had taken poison. Every spot which the sick had touched spread the contagion, and even the very eyes of the patient were considered dangerous, which “had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unwonted lustre, or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demonical enchantment.” More powerful, indeed, than any atmospheric or other cause of the Black Death, was the effect of the contagion communicated from one person to another over the great roads and in the Mediterranean harbors. From its head-quarters in China, the invading pestilence travelled by caravans and ship into Europe; Constantinople and the harbors of Asia Minor being the *loci* whence it radiated to the most distant shores and islands. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and “ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, as afterwards in the North Sea, driving about and spreading the plague wherever they were on shore.” Lubeck, at that period a town of immense importance, was thrown by it into such consternation, that the citizens destroyed themselves as if in frenzy. “Merchants, whose earnings and possessions were unbounded, coldly and willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches, and laid them at the foot of the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They shut their gates, yet still it was cast to them over the content wall. People would break on impulsion to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. When the plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the livid aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone during its continuance.”

In Paris, there died five hundred daily in the Hotel-Dieu; nor had the Black Death respect for even the blood-royal, for the queens of Navarre and France fell each a victim to it. Venice and London lost each a hundred thousand, which must have been almost its all. “Of the estimates of lives lost in Europe,” says Professor Hecker, “the most probable is that, altogether, a fourth part of the inhabitants were carried off. It may be assumed, therefore, without exaggeration, that Europe lost during the Black Death twenty-five millions of people.” It may well be asked, then, how did she recover so quickly from such a tremendous as this? The Professor—acknowledged on all hands to be the most learned medical historian in Germany—has an explanation to give sufficiently wonderful. “After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves, to conviction, that, if any occurrence can do so, the prevalence of a Higher Power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were almost without exception prolific, and

double and triple births more frequent than at other times.”

There were two grand delusions favored by the non-medical portion of the European community for the doing away with the Black Death. One was the joining of the Society of Flagellants, who, noble and ignoble, old and young, marched through the streets with nothing save a scourge around their waists, and a scourge of leather thongs in their hands. “Not only during the day, but even by night, and in the severest winter, they traversed the city with burning torches and banners, in thousands and tens of thousands, headed by their priests, and prostrated themselves before the altars. They proceeded in the same manner in the villages; and the woods and mountains resounded with the voices of those whose cries were raised to God. The melancholy chant of the penitents alone was heard.” The second great remedy was far more popular, since no Christian body suffered by it—namely, the universal burning of Jews, and the advice of the clergy was in this matter followed with much greater assent. We can imagine the delight of a good Catholic, to whom, expecting a cat-o’-nine tails for himself, it was suggested, instead, to sacrifice some other person, to whom, perhaps, he may also have owed money; and we can believe in the tenor of the remark which Barnum puts into the mouth of the King of Spain upon a like occasion, if not in the very words themselves:

Pooh, pooh,
Burn a Jew—
Burn a dozen—
Burn two.

And, indeed, it seemed better to burn a hundred Jews, than to give as many smacks with a leather whip on one’s own naked shoulders. In every destructive pestilence, the common people have at first attributed the mortality to poison; and in this, the Jews were at once accused of having poisoned the wells, and infected the air. In Germany, the springs and wells were built over, so that nobody might drink of them, and the inhabitants of numerous towns used only river and rain water. The gates of cities were guarded, and if any stranger arrived with drugs in his possession—any *cauda* means of a medicine-chest, such as most travellers would likely to have about them—he was made to swallow a portion of them in presence of the authorities. All the Jews in Basel were enclosed in a wooden building constructed expressly for that purpose, and burned together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without form of trial. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burned in their own burial-ground; and at Mayence, twelve thousand. At Spies and Kelingen, the whole Jewish community anticipated these attentions, and burned themselves in their synagogues. In short, “whatever deadly fanaticism, avarice, and despair, in fearful combination, could instigate mankind to perform, were executed in 1349 throughout Germany, Italy, and France, with impunity, and in the eyes of the world.” Yet, singularly enough, it is about that date, we believe, at which, by very many simple persons, are fixed “the good old times.” Even the physicians of the period appear to have had rather peculiar views of the cure and cause of this formidable malady, since we find the medical faculty of Paris, officially commissioned to deliver their opinion upon the matter, recommending “a little fine tressle to be taken after dinner,” and that “fat people should by no means sit in the sunshine.”

Scarcely had the graves of the millions who had perished by the Black Death well closed, before the Dancing Mania broke out in Germany and the Netherlands. This was not confined to any particular locality, but was propagated like some demoniacal epidemic by the mere spectacle of the sufferers. Persons afflicted with this dance of St. John, as it was called, “appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, on the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight; many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer.” * * * * These possessed persons intimidated the people to such a degree, that there was an express ordinance issued that no one should make any but square-toed shoes, because these fanatics had manifested a morbid dislike to the pointed shoes which had of late come into fashion.” Thus those morbid disciples of Terpsichore retained in their madness—as is generally found among this species of fanatics—a very considerable sense of what would hurt them: they could bear a little kicking, but then it must be with square-toed shoes. Why they should become so furious at the sight of red, as to fly at any person wearing garments of that color, and to tear them, is less intelligible; but there was another official prohibition, in consequence, forbidding red costumes to be worn. The dancers, it is fair to add, tore their own clothes as well as other people’s, in their paroxysms, and indeed were liable to so greatly misshape themselves, that those who could afford it employed confidential attendants to accompany and take decent care of them. It was found that music had particular charms for these poor creatures, and on this account the magistrates hired musicians to carry them through their attacks with the greater quickness; and powerful men were sent in among them to complete their exhaustion, since they were exceedingly anxious of high leaps. With the Tarantella dances—which was the name this mania went by in Italy, from the little spider which was supposed to be the cause of it all—was, on the contrary, the most favorite color, so that a patient was seldom without some article of that hue, which he feasted his eyes upon, and ogled as a lover does his mistress.

The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarantum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetanus proceeded to the monastery to see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the middle of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the Tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures, endeavored to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe, and to alight his in-

tense longing by its color.” Upon the spectators preventing this, he presently sank down in a swoon, and was only recovered by the cardinal’s compassionately giving him his cape. “This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed, now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance, as if in the frenzy of a love-fit.” The historian does not state whether the cardinal got his cape back again or not.

The extent to which morbid sympathy will carry ignorant and simple persons, can be scarcely comprehended indeed by those who have not read this volume of Dr. Hecker’s. It was originally printed in this country for the Sydenham Society, when the ravages of the Cholera were fresh in all men’s minds, and mainly on account of its description of the Black Death; but it is not less interesting at this period to compare the accounts of the Dancing Mania with certain unrestrained religious Revivals. Within the present century, a Revival movement commenced at a Methodist chapel at Redruth in Cornwall, which affected, even convulsions, more than four thousand persons. About fifty years ago, there was scarcely a Sabbath wherein the same religious hysteria did not manifest itself in the Shetland Isles. One pious and intelligent minister, however, being annoyed on his first introduction to that country by persons with these paroxysms, informed his congregation that no remedy was so excellent as immersion in cold water, for which treatment a lake at his kirk-door happened to offer particular advantages. This suggestion put an effectual stop to these unpleasing manifestations, although several females writhed and tossed their arms about in the churchyard outside, when not under the eye of their pastor. Before, however, this hydrocephalic clergyman arrived, as many as sixty persons were, on sacramental occasions, carried out of kirk together, struggling and roaring. John Wesley, it may be remembered, was perfectly used to exhibitions of this kind, and by no means approved of them, even in the gentler sex. “I shan’t think any better of you for that,” observed he to one of these female Convinced ones: “whereupon,” we are told, “she mended.” Whenever a man “fell into a fit for my entertainment,” says he, “I had him placed outside to recover at his leisure.”

The religious element is not, of course, essential to the exhibition of this worldly sympathy. At a cotton manufactory at Hodden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl, on the 15th of February 1797, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized in the same manner; and on the 17th, six more. Walks over the world he has governed, With footstep which none may behold:— All swarmed and bent with his labors, And sorrows and trials untold, Unfriendly, unseen, unconsoled.

With feet uninvited he enters The homes of the high and the low, And noting what manifold changes Have changed since a twelvemonth ago, He writes them all down in his record,

And marvels that we are so slow,

To see how the rapid years go!

He walks like a ghost through the darkness, The darkness so frigid and drear.

Knowing well that his hour is approaching,

And the end of his stewardship near,

His steps are as silent as moonlight,

No ear can be keen as to hear,

The feet of the vanishing year!

Behind him, in solemn procession,

There follows a various throng—

Some wandering slowly and gravely,

Some gaudinely dancing along,

As though their light footstep were measured

By music, and sunshine and song—

A mingled, mysterious throng!

I press my face against the frosty glass,

And watch to see them pass,

Some chill and smileless, and some crowned with flowers,

The ghosts of the dead Hours!

Stern January leads the varied train;

His is a bitter reign

Of ice and cold,—he loves the dreary rain,

And the strong winds that make the forests howl,

He heard is white,—his braw

Dark with impending snow storms, even now

His power returns again.

Then, frigid and unkind,

Harsch February follows close behind—

Cruel, yet serving, in his bitter spite,

To make our hearts warm, and our home-fires bright.

The gusty March is there,

With snow flakes sifted in his wind-tossed hair—

Leading with blustering care

The timid Spring day, softening unaware,

And breathing gracious airs,

Then changeable April, full of freakish wiles,

And most uncertain smiles,

Fickle as man,—nought can more faithless be—

Constant inconstancy!

Smiling and singing all along the way

Comes the courageous May,

Radiant with her alternate rains and shines,

And seeking day by day

For early flowers which she seldom finds.

Then, not a step too soon,

Dawns the delightful and most royal June—

Her rich, warm tresses full of golden gleams,

And voice like gurgling streams,

While clustering roses, white and crimson, stay

Unwithered in her bosom all the day.

July, with careless ease,

Lifts her flushed forehead to the bashful beams,

The gorgeous blousons which make her royal zone,

All ripe and overblown.

Then August, with her rosy shoulders bare,

Wooing the drowsy air,

And wilit lilles fainting in her hair,

Fragile as they are rare—

And sweet September, sunny-eyed and fair.

Grown serious unaware—

And bright October, with her golden locks,

And fruits, and ripened shocks,

With meadow days of lumberous softness born,

And sheaves and yellow corn.

November, with a frown,

Shakes the few lingering leaves in anger down,

And scatters, with deadly blight,

The few imperfect blossoms which brave her might.

And dare to seek the light.

Then kind December’s hand

Spreads her white mantle o’er the naked land,

And covers from our eyes

The sorrowful scenes of Winter’s victories.

Then glides in misty light and shadow by,

Dusky and silent,

The Vision of the Month:—they fade and pass,

And as the last one melts away from sight,

Loudly and startlingly

The bell’s strange, sudden clang amidst the night,

The mental energies of

mankind are exerted in every direction, and have a vast influence upon succeeding ages; but surely his complaint is a just one, that such important facts as he has narrated have been left almost entirely to the medical writers, and have been altogether overlooked or dismissed with very insufficient notice by historians.

NEW YEAR’S ADDRESS

OF THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR 1860.

The light on the hill-tops has faded.

The dim shadows meet and embrace;

The darkness is lonesome and drear—

And the air seems to wait and to listen,

As though some strange presence were near,

While I throw up the window and hearken

Amid the deep stillness to hear

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE, PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two shall be what all lovers become—
You, frigid and faithless—I cold and untrue—
Your thoughts of me, and I careless of you—
Our pale names grown rusty with nothing to do—
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and worn through—
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!

Ah, me,

How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes, which makes me seem lovely to day—
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*—
When every day serves some new fault to disclose—
When you find I've cold eyes, and an every-day now,

And wonder you could for a moment suppose

I was out of the common-place way—

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we meet—
With just a chill touch of the hand!

When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet—

When I watch not your going, far down the long street—
When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,

Grows harsh in reproof or command—
Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!

Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day
In a wearisome, old married-folks sort of way!

I shrink from the picture—dum's you!

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

—Saturday Gazette.

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

III.

It was a brilliant day in August, far too brilliant, taken in conjunction with the heat, and the twelve o'clock train was preparing to leave Katterley. The platform was all in a bustle—a bustle that was not frequently experienced at that quiet little station—but since the previous evening, when a fearful accident had occurred not far off, Katterley had been on its legs. The train, the one about to proceed, had come in, and only three minutes being allowed for its stay, people who were going by it looked about; a few had got out, a great many were getting in; for idlers had been flocking to the scene of the accident all the night and morning and would be decking, until their curiosity was sated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage, as a party hastened on to the platform; two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid-servant. The porter evidently knew them well, and touched his cap.

"Johnson," said one of the gentlemen to him, "let us have it to ourselves if you can; don't crowd us up."

"Very well, sir," replied the man; "I dare say I shan't want to put anybody else in."

"But now, whereabouts is this carriage?" called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrieking voice, as she looked to the right and left, "because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live."

"Step in, step in, Mary Anne," cried the same gentleman who had previously spoken, "you are all right."

"Make haste, miss," added the porter. "The time's up."

"Of course it's up," repeated the young lady, "and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow, and we should be late. If their's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment."

"No time to choose your carriage; they may put you in the guard's van if they please, and you never know it till you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now; do you know, Oliver?"

In reply, Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of card-board for his sister's satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats.

"Why, Elizabeth, I declare I never saw you!" exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp to the maid-servant.

"Didn't you, miss. I walked right behind you from our house."

"I thought it better to bring Elizabeth," interposed her mistress, Mrs. Lake, who was looking that morning unusually young and lovely. "Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help with so many of us to wait upon."

"Mrs. Chester is the best manager in a house that I ever met with," exclaimed Margaret Jupp. "Fancy, only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go on smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it."

"Trust my sister for 'contriving' things," struck in Frederick Lake, with a half-smile at his wife opposite to him.

"I hear you had a pleasant day there yesterday," Mrs. Lake said to Oliver Jupp.

"We wanted you and Lake to complete it. It was too bad, Mrs. Lake, to shuffle out after having promised to go. There was an uncom-

mon nice girl spending the day there. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy."

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had rather a propensity for calling "nice girls," although he was a married man.

"Don't know who she was, or anything about her," replied Oliver. "Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same."

"It was a Miss Clapperton," interrupted Margaret Jupp. "Louisa was telling me about her this morning; she took an immense fancy to her."

"Oh, I know," cried Frederick Lake; "They live in Guild, the Clappertons, and Penelope has got intimate with them. You shan't pick out nice girls for me, Oliver, if you call her one. I saw her once; a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes."

"That's Nancy Clapperton, the near-sighted one," corrected Mary Anne Jupp, who was one of those ladies who always know everything. "It was her sister who was there yesterday, a delightful girl, Louisa and Rose both say."

"I hope she'll be there to-day, then," laughed Mr. Lake.

"She is to be there, but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her; he monopolised her yesterday, I hear."

"We'll go snacks," said Frederick Lake, "or else draw lots. When does the old Indian begin to make her entry?"

"For shame, Mr. Lake! you do turn everything and everybody into ridicule," exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure I think she'll be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister."

"Well, when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand begums. I know one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth."

Margaret Jupp turned to Clara.

"Why don't you keep your husband in better order? He is incorrigible."

"I fear he is," she smiled.

"Very strange!" uttered Frederick Lake. "I can't get an answer to my question; I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough."

Margaret laughed.

"I'm not in the begum's confidence; or in Mrs. Chester's either. How should I know?"

"Mrs. Chester was talking of her yesterday," interrupted Oliver Jupp. "She is not sure which day she comes; the middle of the week, she thinks."

They were approaching the scene of the accident, and soon the train arrived at Coombe Dalton, and came to a stand-still. "I thought we did not stop here," exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp.

"Every train has stopped here, I expect, since last night," observed her brother, "bringing doctors, and friends of the wounded."

A porter came up the platform, calling out, in his stentorian but unintelligible lingo,

"Coombe Dalton; Coombe Dalton," and a sudden thought took Mary Anne.

Elizabeth, who sat by herself at that window, they all being close to the other, leaned down, and caught the man just as he had passed.

"Here, master," cried she, "how long do we stop here, please?"

"Ten minutes," replied the man.

At least, Elizabeth thought that was the answer, and she drew in her head and shoulders, and sat down.

"Ten minutes, miss," he says.

"Oh, then there's lots of time," returned Mary Anne, eagerly rising; and her sister and Mrs. Lake as eagerly followed her example, for the scene of a frightful accident does bear its charms for the public eye. The two gentlemen had seen it the previous night, had spent some hours on it, but they prepared to accompany them. They descended from the carriage, all but Elizabeth; of course, as she was not bade to do so, she remained where she was.

The accident had taken place just outside the station. Retracing their way, a couple of minutes' walk brought them to it, and Oliver, who had been in the unfortunate train, was proceeding to explain details, when a loud shriek was heard, and off puffed the train, theirs.

A blank look of consternation seized upon their faces. That it had gone, not to puff back again, was evident by the rate of speed. The ladies were alarmed, the gentlemen inclined to laugh.

"Well, you have gone and done it, by bringing us out here!" exclaimed Mr. Lake. And Mary Anne Jupp, impulsive and hasty, flew back, calling out and shouting—as though she thought she could arrest the carriages.

"What made you tell us the train stopped here ten minutes?" she began, seizing hold of the porter to whom Elizabeth had spoken, while the rest of her party followed her up.

"Ten minutes! I never said it stopped ten minutes," answered the man, taken aback.

"You did. A young woman leaned out of a first-class carriage and asked you."

"Oh, she," returned he. "I told her two minutes. What got it to do at this station, that it should stop ten?"

Elizabeth's ears must have mistaken the word two for ten; there was no doubt of it. But what was to be done?

"When will another train come by, that will take us on to Guild?" inquired Oliver Jupp.

"Ten minutes before three, sir." And it was now a quarter past twelve.

"Well, that's pleasant," added Oliver.

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Lake, which seemed to proclaim that to him it was pleasant, and they turned to him half in anger.

"I am thinking of Elizabeth's consternation," cried he; "we have got her ticket. Suppose she has no money in her pocket; they will be for taking her up, at Guild."

Of course there was plenty of time to examine now the scene of the accident, and they

were not the only spectators. On the actual spot itself, there was nothing to be seen, for the line had been cleared to allow of the progress of trains—their own, with themselves, had just passed over it; but, drawn beyond the line on either side, were marks enough; the battered engine, the debris of the carriages; there had not been leisure yet to clear it away.

"There was a truck upon the line," said Oliver Jupp. "In shunting some trucks on the down line, one of them broke down, and could not be got off it before our train came up. The engine ran into it, and—we were

driver was overcome by strong liquor, had I known who it was," said Mr. Lake.

"He tells me he never drinks," interposed Colonel West.

"Never, sir," said Cooper. "Water, and tea and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and those ladies knew him."

Mr. Lake nodded acquiescence.

"So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it?"

"I hear they are saying so at the station, sir; but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that's generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely."

"Did you look at the signal light?" inquired Mary Anne Jupp. "Perhaps you—you might, you know, Cooper, have passed it without looking."

"I did look up, Miss, and I couldn't be off seeing it last night, if I had wanted, for it was being swung about like anything. 'What's up now,' I said to myself, 'that they are swinging the lamp about like that?' and I thought whenever it was doing it, must have had a drop too much."

"But don't you think you might have suspected danger?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"No, sir, not from the green lamp. If they had wanted to warn me of that, they should have swung the red. Any way, I'd rather have given my own life, than it should have happened when I was driver."

Killing the time in the best way they could, they got back to the station a few minutes before the train was expected. The accident was the topic of conversation there.

"I have seen the driver," remarked Mr. Lake; "I know him well, a sober, steady man. He's got a good signal; that he did not make was not exhibited; that he was the green."

"Oh, he does, does he," returned the station-master.

"He had better prove it. Of course, when they are at their wits' end for an excuse, they invent anything, probable or improbable."

"Copper is not a man to invent. I am sure he is truthful."

"Let him wait till the inquest," was the significant reply.

The train came in, Oliver made his appearance from somewhere, and they were taken to Guild. There they found Elizabeth; she had no money in her pocket, and was sitting waiting for them, like Patience on a monument, unable to leave the station. There was a good deal of laughter, and they proceeded to Mrs. Chester's, ten minutes' walk. That lady came to the door to receive them, very cross.

"You disagreeable, tiresome things, what in the world brings you here at this time? You know we were to have dined at three o'clock, and taken dessert and tea upon the lawn. I have been obliged to order the dinner put back."

"It was the train's fault," answered Mr. Lake; "it deposited us half-way, and left us."

"Of course, you must put in your nonsense, Fred, or it wouldn't be you," retorted Mrs. Chester.

"Come along with me, girls, and take your things off. Dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes."

"Here, Penelope, wait a moment," cried her brother, drawing her back as she was approaching the staircase, "is Lydia Clapperton here to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Where is she?"

"In the garden, I think; or else with the children. What do you want with her?"

"Only to get the start of Oliver; he has stopped in the village to lay in cigars, or something of the sort," laughed Mr. Lake, as he turned back to the garden. "He says she's a nice girl."

Guild Farm—as the place was called, having been a farm in days gone by—was a pleasant spot, the house good, and standing in the midst of an excellent garden. It was let cheaply, for the farmer who rented the land had another house, and did not want it. Frederick Lake went peering about in search of Lydia Clapperton, down shrubberies, behind trees. At last he came to a summer-house, and through the entrance he discerned a young lady sitting.

"There she is!" he exclaimed.

She looked four or five-and-twenty, but her dress would make her look young. A rich black silk dress, with a low body and short sleeves, edged by a ruche of white crapes, a jet chain on her neck, and jet bracelets. She had very decided features, inclining to the aquiline, and thin, compressed lips; her eyes, by many, would have been called beautiful; they were intensely black, and had a somewhat bold expression. Her hair was beautiful—a smooth, purple black, very luxuriant, and worn in a profusion of braids or plats.

"A fine girl," thought Mr. Lake.

"There she is!" he exclaimed aloud, in his free and somewhat saucy manner—a manner that women like—as he entered and unceremoniously held out his hand.

She rose, dropped some fancy work, netting, that she was busy upon, and put out her hand to him. "What did you think of me? Did you take me for a wild animal just arrived from the savage islands?"

"No," said Lydia Clapperton, "that is what you took me for. I found you were under a mistake as soon as you spoke of my sister; I have no sister. I only got here an hour ago, in time to dress for dinner. I have been staying at Cheltenham for two days. But what about your intention of fishing here? I am sorry that I should frustrate it."

"She has been wondering over the non-arrival of her friends," replied the young lady, as she resumed her netting.

"And fuming over it, too," laughed Mr. Lake. "We had an adventure, and the train left us midway. Delaying your dinner-hour is the worst."

"

and down led to one down to the cellar, one to the coal-house, one to the dairy, and one to a china closet; four in all, beside the entrance door. Then they turned to leave.

"Are you coming, Clara?"

"Directly," she replied. "Mary Anne, I wish you would send Frederick here when you go back; I want to speak to him."

Mary Anne delivered her message. Mr. Lake was then seated at the table, peeling a pear for Lady Ellis. He went towards the house when he had given it her, just as Mrs. Chester ran in, dire wrath, after her mischievous young son, who was climbing up a tree, to the detriment of his trousers.

"I had no idea, till just now, that Mr. Lake was a married man," observed Lady Ellis to Mary Anne, as she leisurely ate her pear.

"No! Then who did you suppose Mrs. Lake was?"

"I did not suppose anything about it; I did not know she was Mrs. Lake. Have they been married long?"

"About three years."

"Any children?"

"There was one. A beautiful little child; but it died. Do you not think her very lovely? It is a sweet face!"

Lady Ellis shrugged her shoulders. "She has no style. And she seems as much wrapt up in her husband as though they had been married yesterday."

"Why should she not be?" bluntly asked Mary Anne. "I only hope when I am married—if ever that's to be—that I and my husband shall be as happy and united as they are."

"As she is," spoke Lady Ellis. "I would not answer for him."

Mary Anne Jupp felt cross. She believed that somebody had been whispering tales about Mr. Lake's nonsensical flirtation with her sister Rose; and pure nonsense, on both sides, she knew that to be. "Frederick Lake is one of those men who cannot live without flirtation," she observed, "who admire every woman they meet, and take care to let them know it; his wife can afford to laugh at it, knowing that his life is exclusively hers."

Lady Ellis drew down the corners of her mouth, and coughed a little cough of displeasure, for which Mary Anne Jupp, upright and high-principled, could have scolded her for an hour. "A woman hazards more than she bargains for, when she lets herself, for better or for worse, to one of these attractive men; but of course she must put up with the consequences."

"What consequences?" exclaimed Mary Anne, feeling herself puzzled by the speech altogether.

"The seeing herself a neglected wife; the seeing others preferred before her, as she must inevitably do, when her own short reign is over."

"Had you to experience that?" sharply asked Mary Anne, intending the question to sting her.

"I equably returned Lady Ellis. "My husband had nothing attractive about him, and was as old as Adam. I spoke of the wives of attractive men: others may be humdrum on to their graves, and be at peace."

What Mary Anne Jupp may have thought fit to answer in reproval cannot be recorded, for her sister Margaret and Mrs. Chester came up and interrupted them. Margaret proclaimed that Mrs. Chester was about to take her on the expedition from which Mary Anne had returned—that of seeing the kitchens and other offices.

"I suppose I may not ask to be of the party," cried Lady Ellis, starting up, and looking at Mrs. Chester.

"Certainly you may. Why not?"

They proceeded leisurely across the lawn and round the side of the house towards the back entrance. Meanwhile, Mr. Lake had gone in search of his wife, in obedience to her summons, and found her in the large kitchen. "Did you want me, Clara?"

"Do come here," she whispered, in an awestruck tone; and he advanced and stood beside her. She pointed out the several features of the room. "Do you see them? Do you remember?"

"I have not been in the kitchen before," was his answer, looking curiously at the room and then at her.

"It is the kitchen of my dream!"

"The what?" uttered Mr. Lake, inclined to fall into an irreverent laugh.

"It is, Frederick," she whispered, her voice sounding strangely hollow. "I described its features to you that night, and now you may see them. We—we are standing in the same position!" she burst forth more eagerly, as if the fact had occurred to her. "I was here, you on that side of me, as you are now; here was the small round dark table close to us; there is the large window, with the ironing-board underneath it; there, to the left, are the dresses and the shelves, and even the very plates and dishes upon them—"

"Of the precise willow pattern," put in Mr. Lake.

"There, behind us, is the fireplace; and around are the several doors, in the very self-same places that I saw them," she continued, too eager to notice or heed the mocking interruption. "I told you it looked like a farm-house kitchen, large and bleak: you may see that it does, now."

"I shall begin to think that you are dream still," he returned.

"With wish I was! I wish I had never seen in reality the kitchen of that dream. I did not at the first moment recognise it. When I came in with Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne, it struck me as being familiar, and I was just going to say to them, 'I must have been here before,' when my dream flashed upon me, like a chill; I fell a-swoon; sick; I feel so yet."

"This beats spin-rapping," said Mr. Lake. "Let us lay hold of the table, and see whether it won't turn."

"Why will you turn it into mockery?" she moaned, her tone one of sharp pain. "Frederick, you know that dream seemed to foretell my death."

"I decline to goodness, Clara, you will make me angry!" was his retort, in a changed voice.

A gentleman presented himself for examination, and was sworn. Colonel West.

"In justice to the driver, I think it right to offer my testimony," he said, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state his earnest face, 'not if it don't take the first time'."

and now the sight of this kitchen has renewed it in all its horror. If you could, only for one minute, feel as I am feeling, you would not wonder at me."

Her state of mind appeared to him most accountable; not foolish, worse than foolish; and never in his life had he spoken so sharply to her as he spoke now.

"I should be sorry to find it, even for a minute; I should be ashamed to do so: and I feel ashamed of you. What did you want with me?"

"To show you the kitchen. To tell you this."

He gave vent to an impatient word, and turned angrily to the door. She, her heart bursting, went forward to the window; just so had it been in the dream, just so had they seemed to part, he going to the door and she to the window, just so had been the sharp conviction of coming evil. Mr. Lake looked back at her; she had laid her head against the wall near the window: her hands drooped down; in her whole air there was an utter agony of abandonment. His tenderness returned to him, and he walked across the kitchen. As he drew her face from the wall he saw that it was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Clara," he exclaimed, as he sheltered it upon his own breast, "must I treat you and soothe you as I would a child?"

"I don't know," returned Oliver. "I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swayed about; I suppose it is for that."

"Which light was it?" inquired the coroner, when he was sworn.

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon.

"From whence did you see it?" asked the coroner.

"I was in the train. As we got to Coombes Dalton station I looked out at the window, and saw a red light being waved about. I remarked it to my sisters, who were in the carriage with me, and one of them observed that if it was the red light there must be danger. The accident occurred almost as she spoke."

"Are you sure it was the red light, sir?" inquired one of the jury, all of whom had been impressed with Colonel West's evidence.

"Certain."

"And of course he could have no motive in saying anything but the truth," remarked the juryman to another, in a louder tone than he thought for.

"I am a motive!" haughtily returned Oliver, taking up the words. "I am put here to state simply what I saw, I expect; neither more nor less. I am sorry to give evidence that may tell against Cooper, who is respected in Ketterley, but I am bound to say that it was the red light."

Colonel West was recalled, and further questioned. But he wavered not a jot; the light he saw swayed about was the green.

"Well," exclaimed the coroner, "there's hard swearing somewhere. It is impossible, at the present stage, to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and I adjourn the inquest, we had better adjourn the inquiry, when perhaps further witnesses may be forthcoming."

"I never will, my darling."

Standing looking in at the chink of the door, having come softly along the passage matting, was Lady Ellis. What did she see? She saw his face bent down upon his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his sweet words; heard quite enough to imagine them. An ugly look of envy, nearly of hate, rose to her pale features: he was what she had called him, an attractive man, he had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothing to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only so much the greater inducement. Was Lady Ellis one?

"Colonel West was recalled, and further questioned. But he wavered not a jot; the light he saw swayed about was the green.

"Silly, and superstitious, if you will," she whispered, "but not a child. I think I am less a child at heart than many who are older. Frederick, if you could ever grow unkind to me, I should die."

"I never will, my darling."

Standing looking in at the chink of the door, having come softly along the passage matting, was Lady Ellis. What did she see? She saw his face bent down upon his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his sweet words; heard quite enough to imagine them. An ugly look of envy, nearly of hate, rose to her pale features: he was what she had called him, an attractive man, he had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothing to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only so much the greater inducement. Was Lady Ellis one?

The voice of Mrs. Chester and Margaret Jupp were approaching, and Lady Ellis pushed open the door.

Clara dried her eyes hastily.

"Come and walk in the open air," he whispered to her; "it will do you good."

And Lady Ellis watched them afterwards slowly pass the window, she leaning on his arm.

IV.

Assured in the largest room that the small inn at Coombes Dalton would afford, were the coroner and his jury, inquiring into the cause of the railway accident which had been productive of so many deaths. The station master, the "switchman," and one porter, all who had been at the station on the Sunday night, testified that the red lights were exhibited to give warning of danger, and that the driver, in reckless defiance of them, had gone dashing on, and so caused the catastrophe.

The driver, Cooper, who was permitted to give his testimony at his own desire, was questioned that what he said might be used against him. It was to the effect that the usual light, the green, was exhibited, and not the red. The coroner knew him for a steady man, one who, to use the words of a witness, "wouldn't tell a lie to screen himself from nothing."

"Did you look at the lights?" inquired the coroner of Cooper.

I looked at both, sir. The lamp that was at the end of the station, and the lamp on the signal post beyond it."

"And you say they were the green lights?"

"That they were, sir. The same green lights that are always up. He had taken the light of the post, and was swaying it about, and I couldn't conceive what he was doing it for."

"But here are three witnesses, the station master and the two men, who have sworn that the red signals were up, and not the green," persisted the coroner. "It is very strange that you should maintain the contrary."

"The three may be in a league together to say so, and hide their own negligence," interposed an audible voice from the most crowded part of the room. Upon which the coroner threatened to commit anybody so interrupting, for contempt of court.

"All I can say is, sir, that there was no negligence, that night, in the lights, from those exhibited on other nights," concluded Cooper.

"They were the green lights, and not the red, and if I had to die next minute, I'd say it."

A gentleman presented himself for examination, and was sworn. Colonel West.

"In justice to the driver, I think it right to offer my testimony," he said, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state his earnest face, 'not if it don't take the first time'."

and which the man took down and swayed about, was green; when the driver swore that it was not red, he speaks the truth."

"Were you at the station?" inquired the coroner of the witness.

"No; I was in my garden, which is precisely opposite the signal post on the other side of the line. I was walking about in it, smoking a cigar. I heard the train approaching, and I saw the man take the lamp off the post, lean forward, and swing it about, evidently to attract attention. A minute after, the accident happened."

"And you say this was not the red light?"

"It was not. It was the light that is generally up, the green."

The coroner gave an expressive look at the station master, which spoke volumes, and the latter looked red and indignant. There was some talking, some confusion, and when it subsided, Oliver Jupp was standing by the wall. One of the jury inquired why he was put forward.

"I don't know," returned Oliver.

"I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swayed about; I suppose it is for that."

"Which light was it?" inquired the coroner,

when he was sworn.

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon.

The coroner inquired of the witness,

"Did you see the light in question exhibited on the signal-post?"

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We give the opening of the Message, which refers to the Slavery and Slave Trade questions, and a summary of the rest of the document:—

Follow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

Our deep and heartfelt gratitude is due to that Almighty Power which has bestowed upon us such varied and numerous blessings throughout the past year. The general health of the country has been excellent; our prosperity smiles throughout the land. Indeed, notwithstanding our demerits, we have much reason to believe, from the past events in our history, that we have enjoyed the special protection of Divine Providence ever since our origin as a nation. We have been exposed to many threatening and alarming difficulties in our progress, but on each successive occasion the impending cloud has been dissipated at the moment it appeared ready to burst upon our head, and the danger to our institutions has passed away. May we ever be under the Divine guidance and protection!

Whilst it is the duty of the President "from time to time to give to Congress information of the State of the Union," I shall not refer in detail to the recent sad and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these events, however bad and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last, in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. Whilst, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will towards each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary, whose service commenced in the last generation, and which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last, in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. Whilst, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will towards each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. 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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.
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TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING ALSO
AS A PREMIUM TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER!!

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICUL-
TURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novel, written expressly for THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novels, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers—

G. P. R. JAMES. MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS. AUTHOR OF THE
ALFRED TENNYSON. RAILROAD FARM.
CHARLES LAMB. AUTHOR OF "THE
W. L. WOLFGANG. FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES MACKAY. GRACE GREENWOOD.
WILKIE COLLINS. MISS PARDOE.
DR. O. W. HOLMES. FLORENCE PERCY.
T. S. ARTHUR. AMELIA B. EDWARDS.
AUTHOR OF "THE
SCOUT," &c. EMMA ALICE BROWN.
ALEXANDER DUMAS. AUTHOR OF "THE
JOHN G. WHITTIER. EBONY CASKET."
OWEN MEREDITH. MRS. M. A. DENISON.
P. J. BAILEY. FANNY M. RAYMOND.
"Festus." NORA PERRY.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM. ISA CRAIG.
MISS MARTINEAU.

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a short, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANTY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS OF THE WEEK, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LIST, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS. HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized Steel Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magazines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's Lady's Book. Read the following and take your choice of—

TERMS. CLUBS. CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull—

Bid. Asked.	RAILROAD STOCKS	ANNUAL LOANS.
U. S. 6 per cent. 100	100	Penit. 100
.. 97	99	1st mort bonds 100
.. 98	100	2nd stock 97
.. 99	100	stock 97
.. 100	100	..
.. 101	102	Cast & Amery 4 per cent bonds 98
.. 102	102	..
.. 103	102	Reading R. R. 6 per cent bonds 98
.. 104	102	..
.. 105	102	..
.. 106	102	..
.. 107	102	..
.. 108	102	..
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Managers are Friends in Art.—Ann Denham was the name of Flaxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-minded, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intense spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—not Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John? How has it happened? and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well known and had been often expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michelangelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Flaxman. "Work and economise," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Flaxman, "and show the President that wallock is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.—"Self-Help," by J. Smiles.

Agricultural.

ICE AND ICE HOUSES.

Now that the air is icy, and snow covers the earth, we wish to turn the attention of our readers to the great winter crop.

Ice suitable for storing may be cut upon almost every farm or within a mile of it, and yet not one farmer in ten ever knows the luxury of a pitcher of ice water, or a dish of ice cream in the summer. Our cities and larger villages are well supplied with the luxury, so that families are served at their doors by dealers at an expense of from five to ten dollars a year.

In these places the use of ice is rapidly increasing, and is coming to be considered a necessary of life, even in the families of laborers and tradesmen. It saves, in provisions, that would otherwise spoil, more than its cost.

But upon the farm, where ice grows in greatest abundance, and where it may be had without a dollar out of pocket the year round, ice in summer is the rarest of luxuries. We know a few, like Deacon Jones, have kept an ice house for years, and a few more like Tom and his bride, smart young farmers, put up an ice house for the first time last season.—But the great majority do not yet feel the want of it.

Most of our wants are artificial, from the want of ground corn upon the table of every farmer, to the want of ground glass that flashes in the crystal goblets and pitchers of the rich. The African savage is indifferent to both, and his dusky daughter has never felt one of the many wants that are considered necessities in most civilized homes.

The fact that a farmer's family has always done without ice, is considered the best of all reasons why they should continue to do without it. It is certainly less trouble, and is therefore considered more economical. We have a standing quarrel with Jake Foster, both on his facts and philosophy. Jake states the case thus: "Now, ye see, we don't have ice in the summer by any natural means, and it stands to reason if the Almighty had intended we should use ice in summer, we should have it furnished in the natural way. Well, water is good enough for me and my folks, and as to things spilling, why let 'em spill. Some things wasn't meant to keep, I guess."

"Very well, Jake. Corn does not grow in winter, and I take it if the Almighty had intended we should have Johnny cakes and roast potatoes in cold weather, He would have provided some natural means to bring them on to the table piping hot, just where folks wanted to use them. Now, don't make a wry face at your own argument, and say that corn is a different thing. It is just as different from ice as ice is from corn."

The greatest hindrance in the way of the general use of ice is the want of conviction that it will pay. If the farmer would consider a moment, he would see that he loses enough every year from the want of the article, to pay for an ice house twice over. In the milk room he loses milk that would be available for butter or cheese if it could be preserved. His leg of veal or mutton taints for want of it, and the housewife complains of the loss of many cooked dishes that will not keep over night in sultry weather.

Butter, with a little ice around the box, can be carried to market so that it will present a clean waxy surface, and bring an extra price. Without it, it will often look more like soap grease than an article of food. It is depreciated several cents in the pound, and the farmer has to pocket the loss. Now, it is not foreordained that the husbandman should continue to have all these losses, because his father had had them before him. He needs ice in his business as a dairyman, and in his family as much as the citizen.

The use of ice water in moderate quantities is favorable to health, and where it is used habitually there is little danger of excessive use. It takes a less quantity to quench thirst, and is much more grateful to the palate. It is a safeguard against fevers and other complaints to which we are exposed in summer and autumn. Its use in the treatment of disease is now very generally advocated by physicians.

But if it had no bearing upon health, it

should be used from the fact that it is more agreeable. Our instincts are in many things as safe a guide as reason. Why is it that almost every one in the heat of summer craves cold water, and the colder the better? The longing for cold is as universal as the longing for food, and we may quite as safely use the means to gratify it. We have never yet met with the man or child that did not prefer, as a matter of taste, ice beverages to those at the ordinary temperature of well water. We have used them for years, and have never felt or known any injurious effects from them. It is time that "old wife's fable" that ice is not a safe article in the family was discarded among intelligent people.

Ice Houses may be cheap or expensive, according to a man's taste and means. The essentials are few, and any farmer may build with his own hands, and generally from his own premises, a house that will keep ice as well as a building that costs a thousand dollars. In selecting a site for the building, convenience should be consulted, for it is an article that will be wanted daily. It may be above or partly below ground, as best suits the character of the place where it is to be put. In either case good drainage is essential.

If the bottom of the pit or cellar be sand or coarse gravel, nothing will be necessary but to cover it a foot deep with cobbles, or with chips and billets of wood. Ice will not keep well in a less body than a cube of ten feet, and if ice is near by, it would be still better to have it larger. The sides of the cellar may be built of stone or brick, and the wood-work above of the cheapest materials. The roof should be made to shed rain, and the sides be so constructed that the space between the outer and inner walls may be filled with some non-conducting substance. Shale from the saw-mills will answer a temporary purpose, but boards are better, and are always to be preferred where a man builds upon his own premises.

The space between the outer and inner wall of the house should be at least a foot, and this should be packed solid with sawdust, or some other good non-conductor. Charcoal is better than sawdust, but is not enough better to pay for the extra expense. Sawdust can generally be procured from the saw or shingle mills, for the carting, and this is good enough. If the cracks in the gable ends are left without battening, it will furnish all the top ventilation needed.

The first packing of the ice is about as important as the construction of the house, in order to have the ice keep well. Over the draining cobbles at the bottom, put a layer of straw or sawdust so that no heat from the earth below can be conveyed to the ice.

The cakes should be cut as regularly as possible, and as large as can be conveniently handled by two men. Two by three feet will be found a convenient size for cakes of one foot in thickness and less. A complete set of ice tools will cost about fifty dollars, if a man is going into the business of packing ice for sale. But to cut for a family, nothing more is needed than an ordinary cross-cut saw used for logs.

A hole is opened in the ice with an axe, and the saw follows a previously marked line along the outer edge of the space, from which the ice is to be taken. After the first tier of cakes is taken out, every fourth side of the cake may be split off with an axe about as straight as it can be sawed. Where a business is made of sawing ice, it can be furnished at the pond or river for twenty-five cents a ton. A pole with a hook at the end will be needed for pulling the cakes out of water on to the solid ice. One of the pleasantest scenes of winter is a party of ice men gathering their winter harvest.

The coldest weather should be selected for filling the house. Make the covering of sawdust as even as possible, then upon this lay the first tier as snug as it can be packed, leaving about six inches space upon the outside to be rammed with sawdust, or straw, or sea-weed as you fill up. After each tier is laid, fill all the crevices with snow or pounded ice. If the weather is very cold, and the water will freeze immediately, this may be poured into the crevices.

Much of the success of the packing depends upon the filling of the cracks. If the whole mass is solid, all the melting must be upon the outside. Sweep off the first tier, and pack the second in the same manner, and so on until the house is filled to the eaves. On the top put a foot of sawdust or two feet of straw, or other non-conducting substance. The top should have just ventilation enough to carry off the heated air that accumulates in summer under the roof.

After Treatment of the Ice.

Some open the ice-house every day, or several times a day, making it, in fact, a refrigerator for family use. This frequent opening of the door lets in a large body of heated air, which affects the ice below. A better plan is to have a refrigerator made with double walls and holding at the bottom a cake of about a hundred pounds. A box with about three feet depth, length and width, will hold all the ice needed for a week, and such other perishable articles as are needed for family use. If the refrigerator has not come yet, a common four barrel will answer for preserving the ice for several days. Pack it in dry sawdust, and use it as wanted. In the refrigerator the ice will keep much longer if it is wrapped in a piece of carpeting or woolen blanket.

With a well filled ice house and refrigerator the farmer's wife mistress of her position as housekeeper. The flies can be kept at a distance from the cold meats, and no legs of mutton or veal will go the way of all flesh prematurely. Strawberries and other delicate fruits will not dissolve before the time, even if they are picked in the morning. They will come on to the table as fresh as if just gathered, and twice as cool. The palatability of all summer fruits is very much enhanced by having them iced. They lose none of that delicate aroma at the table, which they have in the garden and fruit yard. Cucumbers and melons also may be kept for weeks in the ice box, and can be eaten in their best condition.

"Ice seeds will not retain their vitality long

* For example, the Camphor and Tallow tree, Chaco Palm, green dye plant (*Rhamnus*), maguey plant (*Trifolium* and *Coronilla*), Wax-insect tree (*Prunus* sp.), Yang-mae (*Myricea* sp.), southern fruits, such as the Lee-chee, Longan, Wampee, &c. &c.



SOMETHING LIKE AN ORDER.

SMALL GIRL (accompanied by her friends).—Say, mister! mother wants a cent's worth of your very best perfume, as she's goin' out to tea.

they make their appearance. It is the want of this precaution, that often leads to the rapid melting of the ice.

The first cold spell which makes thick ice should be improved to lay in the stock. It happens, in some years, that the only good ice forms in the early part of the winter. That is best, which is wholly made at a single coldspell. If a thaw intervenes, the air gets in, and white ice is formed, which does not keep, like the solid crystal. The more transparent the ice, and the greater its thickness, the better it will keep.

We have seen ice kept very well in a common cellar, under a barn or out-building. In this case, the packing of non-conductors at the sides should be two feet in thickness, and the cellar should have drainage. But this is a wasteful, inconvenient method, and the better way is to put up a small building for the purpose, where it will be most convenient for use.

When the new ice house is stocked, do not fail to let it be known in the neighborhood. Keep the pitcher of ice water well filled, and, even if you have not Sally Jones to provide over it, we will warrant it will find admirers, and it will not be long, before your neighbor will be asking the expense of an ice house.—*Hartford Homestead.*

TEA IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE LONDON "GARDENER'S CHRONICLE."

A few years ago the United States Government was led to take measures for the introduction of the Tea plant into the confederation, with a view to establishing if possible the preparation of Tea in some of the States. The success that had attended Mr. Fortune's operation for the East India Company having induced them to consult that gentleman, it was finally arranged that he should again proceed to the Celestial Empire for the purpose of obtaining as abundant a supply of plants for the West as he had secured for the East. His mission has been attended with the most complete success. A minute of the United States Patent Office now before us states that he was despatched in March, 1858, that he had obtained seed enough to plant 100 acres, a large portion of which had arrived by the 20th of June, 1859, and was flourishing in a propagating house, especially constructed at Washington for their reception. Applications for plants were even made in such numbers that it had become necessary to refer to Congress for instructions as to their disposal.

Mr. Fortune returned to England some time ago, and has favored us with the following interesting report upon the final result of his expedition:—

"It will be seen by the accompanying papers that the results of my expedition to China for the Government of the United States has been very satisfactory. In little more than one year about 50,000 Tea plants, and many other vegetable productions useful in the arts or an ornamental character* have been introduced to America from the Tea countries of China.

This success was mainly owing to the experience acquired during former visits to these countries. Arriving in China in the month of May I spent the first few months in visiting numerous Tea farms in different parts of the country, where I made arrangements with the natives for large supplies of seeds as soon as they ripened in the autumn. In October and November I repeated my visit to the same districts, and everywhere found supplies of seeds awaiting me. In former transactions with these Tea growers I had always treated them kindly and liberally, and I now found the advantage that resulted from such treatment. Seeds had been saved for me in all directions; I had only to pick them up and proceed onwards, and was thus enabled to get through a large amount of work in a short space of time. In December I reached the seaport of Shanghai with the whole of my collections in excellent condition.

"Tea seeds will not retain their vitality long

* For example, the Camphor and Tallow tree, Chaco Palm, green dye plant (*Rhamnus*), maguey plant (*Trifolium* and *Coronilla*), Wax-insect tree (*Prunus* sp.), Yang-mae (*Myricea* sp.), southern fruits, such as the Lee-chee, Longan, Wampee, &c. &c.

as can be conveniently given by a majority of farmers. It is when the farmer's business takes him much away from home, but a farmer ought to have no business which should cause him to neglect his stock in winter. When cattle are stalled, they ought to have a good feed as soon as light, (and they should whether stalled or not,) and after that is eaten, be watered and fed again; at noon another supply of food should be given, after that water and a small fodder, to be followed by a full one for the night. This makes five foddings in a day, and those may be varied in material or quality, so as to keep up the variety of food as well liked by all animals.

With plenty of corn fodder and straw, and with hay in short supply, we have tried the following routine:—First cornstalks fed on the frozen ground, or cut in pieces a foot long and fed in boxes or mangers, (in both cases the butts reserved for fine cutting and steaming;) next a feed of straw, slightly brined if not otherwise well eaten, hay at dinner time, straw for the afternoon meal, and cornstalks again at evening. Cut feed and meal when fed are usually given at noon instead of hay. We never had cattle do better, or foddier more economically consumed with as little labor in its preparation.

Sheep and calves need feeding four or five times a day, to have them eat well, without wasting their food, and without ever getting very hungry. If they have a pretty free supply, they are very apt to put it out of their racks more or less, and always feed less quietly when hungry from long fasting. We would give hay but twice per day, even if very plentiful, giving bean or pea, or oat, or wheat straw for the other two foddings. And then they should have a little grain of some kind, oats, barley, beans, or corn, once a day through winter. Good shelter and water should in all cases be provided.

Perhaps we ought to qualify our commendation of frequent foddering more fully. Every farmer knows that his stock are far more quiet some days than others, that they eat better and waste less, and seem satisfied with far less attention. These restless days of storm and wind, when we would best like to quiet ourselves, we have found the very days when our farm stock demanded our almost constant attention. Then we found the rule, "feed a little and often," is of the most importance, and it is after such a day, and one spent mostly in the barn and yards, that we pen this hasty reminder.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 62 letters.

My 28, 7, 22, 13, 27, is the name of one who was appointed to office, and of whom the people murmured.

My 33, 35, 36, 14, was one of the grand-daughters of Hepher.

My 52, 48, 23, 1, 39, 34, was one of the noted prophets.

My 32, 3, 55, 45, 36, 53, 46, 10, 5, was one of the accusers of a noted follower of Jesus.

My 51, 46, 22, 16, 43, 32, was one of the mountain speakers in our Lord's travels.

My 58, 54, 48, 38, 42, 19, was one of the guilty sons of the high priest of whom the Lord made known to a child.

My 1, 26, 51, 61, 55, 39, 47, was a wicked King that the Lord smote with an incurable disease.

My 47, 28, 57, 18, 34, 26, 21, was a Jew of Galilee.

My 50, 14, 61, 4, 3, 34, 7, 40, 24, 32, 54, 25, 6, 49, 46, 28, 35, is a command from Heaven.

My 60, 8, 46, 52, 30, 62, is a land that the Lord showed to Moses.

My 47, 15, 9, 17, 7, 27, 31, 12, 46, 5, is the people that Moses was commanded to smite.

My 52, 29, 59, 48, 44, is one of the most interesting of ancient nations.

My 37, 41, 26, 48, 58, 2, 11, was a martyr to Christianity.

My 29, 7, 56, was one of the twelve tribes of Israel.

My whole is the name and one of the expressions of one of the most righteous persons that ever was on earth.

S. HILL and H. MCCLAY.

Upper Middletown, Fayette Co., Pa.

Wood Lawn, Ky. J. H. G.

MINERVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 3, 5, 6, is a vegetable.

My 9, 13, 7, is a color.

My 5, 4, 13, is an implement used for cutting.

My 6, 11, 12, is an adverb.

My 12, 3, 6, is a number.

My 2, 5, 7, 14, 8, is a kitchen utens